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WHAT O'CLOCK JINGLES

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THREE
IN
A
ROW.

WHAT O'CLOCK JINGLES

TWELVE LITTLE COUNTING LESSONS

BY

MARGARET JOHNSON

TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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1887

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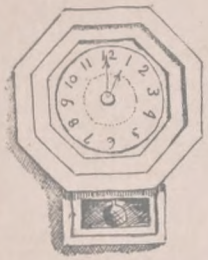
WHAT O'CLOCK JINGLES

LESSON-TIME.



All · around · the · Clock ·

1 One! I

One wee little woman,
Only one year old;
Blue eyes bright and merry,
Curly locks of gold.
Everybody's princess,
Everybody's pet;
For a throne so cosey
On a pillow set.

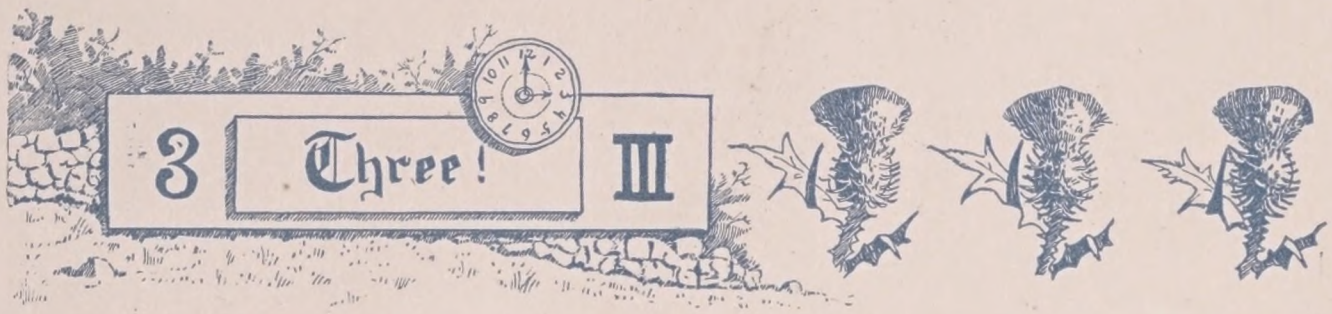
Sister brings her playthings,
Brother brings her books;
Mother saves to please her
All her sweetest looks.
Love and hugs and kisses
More than can be told
Has this little woman
Only one year old.

SISTER BRINGS HER PLAYTHINGS,
BROTHER BRINGS HER BOOKS.

Two tiny tubs
With suds a-brim;
Two washerwomen
Neat and trim.
One dips and rinses,
Rubs and wrings,
And as she washes
Gayly sings.

But what has lazy
Dinah done?
Her morning work
Is not begun!
Two tubs a-brim
With foam and froth;
One little maid
To use them both.

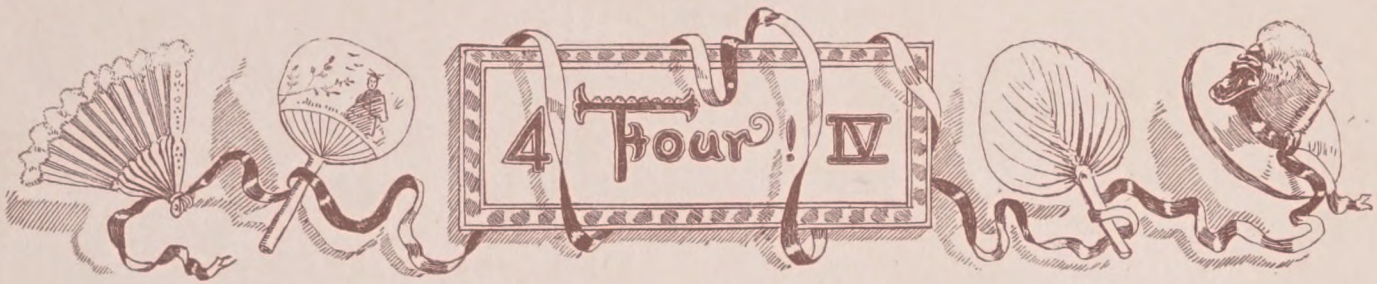
TWO TUBS A-BRIM
WITH FOAM AND FROTH.



Three thirsty thistles
Beside the stone wall,
So tired of waiting
For showers to fall.
Dear little Dicky
Was passing the spot,
And brought, in a hurry,
His watering-pot.

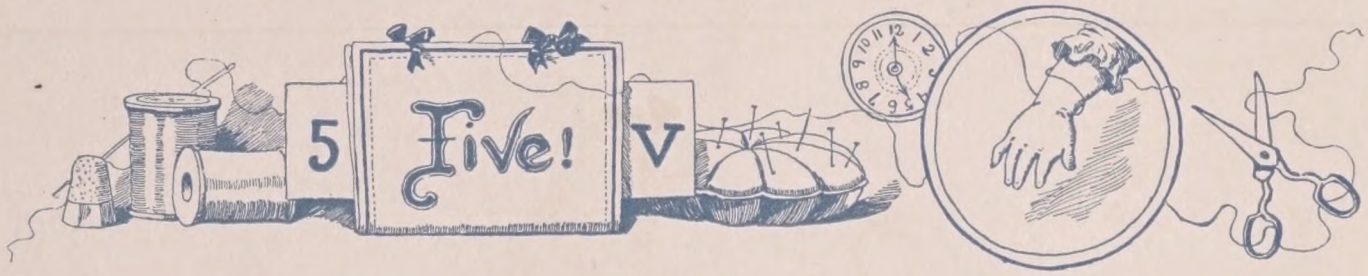
Though it was heavy,
Little cared he;
"*I* am a shower!"
He shouted in glee.
Three thirsty thistles,
They feel the cool rain;
"Thanks to you, Dicky,
We are happy again!"

"*I* AM A SHOWER!"
HE SHOUTED IN GLEE.



Four funny fans
Had Maud and May
To cool the air
One summer day:
A palm-leaf broad,
A feather fan,
And one that came
From far Japan;
And for the fourth
May took her hat
And made a fine
Big fan of that.
And then so strong
A breeze had they,
They played it was
A winter day!

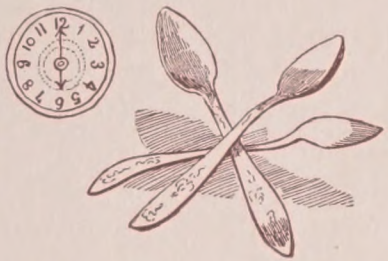
FOUR FUNNY FANS
HAD MAUD AND MAY



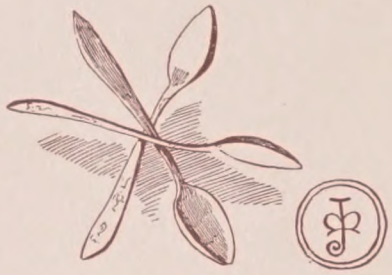
Five fairy fingers,
All dimpled and white,
Busily plying
The needle so bright.
One wears a thimble,
A cap for his head,
While gayly the others
Pull out the long thread.

Five fairy fingers
Work very fast,
And hold up the treasure
Finished at last.
No matter how crooked
The small stitches are,
She knows the pincushion
Will please dear papa!

AND HOLD UP THE TREASURE
FINISHED AT LAST.



6 Six! VI



Six silver spoons
All bright and nice;
Six saucers full
Of orange ice.
Six little napkins
White as snow;
Six merry maids
All in a row.

The silver spoons
Make many trips
From heaping plates
To rosy lips.
And when they're empty
As before,
Six maids are ready
For some more!

SIX MERRY MAIDS
ALL IN A ROW.

Seven shining shells
We gathered on the shore,
And if we could have staid
We might have got some more.
We'd played and played all day
As happy as could be,
And when the sun went down
They called us in to tea.

We made a mound of sand
And put the shells inside;
"Don't touch our pretty things,
You little waves!" we cried.
O naughty, naughty waves!
We hurried back next day,
And mound and shells and all
Had vanished quite away!

WE MADE A MOUND OF SAND
AND PUT THE SHELLS INSIDE.

Eight eager elves
Flew high and far
To catch the sparkle
Of a star.
On butterflies
They rode, or bees,
Or floated softly
On the breeze.

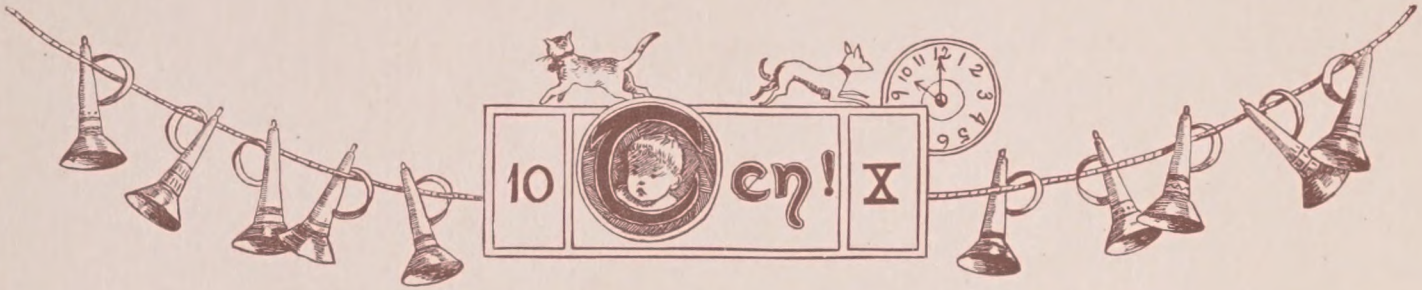
But long before
They reached the sky,
A thunder-cloud
Came sailing by.
And blown with wind,
And wet with rain,
Eight eager elves
Flew down again.

ON BUTTERFLIES
THEY RODE, OR BEES.

Nine nodding nosegays,
Fresh and fine;
"Which shall I choose,"
Said Tom, "for mine?"
He looked at roses,
Red and white;
At lilies fair;
At pansies bright.

At last he chose
A fine bouquet,
And proudly bore
His flowers away.
But I have heard —
I guess it's true —
He gave them all
To little Prue!

HE GAVE THEM ALL
TO LITTLE PRUE!



There were ten tin trumpets,
  There were ten small boys,
And the ten still houses
  Then were full of noise.
How they roused the mothers—
  Grandmas, too, perhaps—
From their books and sewing,
  From their peaceful naps!

How they waked the babies!
  How they scared the cats!
How they shrieked and whistled
  Tunes in sharps and flats!
But at last the racket
  Stopped at set of sun;
For the trumpets ten were
  Broken, every one!

HOW THEY WAKED THE BABIES!
HOW THEY SCARED THE CATS!

Eleven elastic eels,
This fisher-boy has caught;
A splendid basketful
To carry home, he thought.
His sister, standing by,
Thinks Johnny very wise,
And watches all he does
With round, admiring eyes.

But when he starts for home
He finds, too late, alas!
That not a single eel
Lies in the long wet grass.
The naughty, squirming things
—The truth is very plain—
Have wriggled to the edge,
And tumbled in again!

ELEVEN ELASTIC EELS,
THIS FISHER-BOY HAS CAUGHT.

Twelve twirling tops
As light as air;
Two children gay
With streaming hair.
So many times
The tops they've spun,
To spin themselves
They have begun.

Round go the tops,
A dizzy whirl!
Round go the flying
Boy and girl!
Till who can see
Boy, girl or top?
I wonder if
They'll ever stop!

TWO CHILDREN GAY
WITH STREAMING HAIR.

PLAY-TIME.

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